

Step By Step

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Ryuko, under pressure to please Mako before their first date happens, calls on the help of Nonon with this major problem.

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Disclaimer: I don't own Kill la Kill.

Notes/Warnings: Utilizing the Canon Divergence trick here kind of? It's before Ryuko and Mako go on their date in the final episode's end credits sequence, so it's not being unfaithful because they haven't even become official!

Sub-Note/Warning: I'm currently sorely lacking a beta reader/editor. Any egregious errors that may have somehow escaped the countless self-proofreading sessions are my own fault.

A loud groan was heard throughout the house, but no one save for the source of it was around to hear it.

Ryuko collapsed face-first onto her bed, the bedding hiding her tomato red face. She groaned again as she looked up and glanced at her phone. She had only recently acquired it, had gotten the hang of it fairly quickly, but it wasn't difficulties with handling the phone that was troubling her.

She had gotten an excited text from Mako. "CAN'T WAIT FOR OUR DATE IN A COUPLE DAYS!" it was punctuated with a heart emoji.

Ryuko was feeling the pressure. Hard. She was so inexperienced that all her abrasive confidence disappeared at the thought of making Mako happy in a romantic context.

"How do I even..." she muttered, and then it came to her. "Jakuzure would know, right?!" she furiously scrolled through her phone's contacts list to pull up Uzu's phone number. Uzu was annoying as hell, but he was also pretty reliable for sparring practice and the like, so naturally Ryuko had his number.

"Hey, you happen to have Jakuzure's number on you?" she said, and tapped send.

Uzu's reply was nearly immediate and Ryuko jumped. "Lol, Matoi, of course I do." and he enclosed it.

Ryuko groaned with a rougher timbre in her voice as she gathered up the courage to text Nonon. "Jakuzure. It's Ryuko. Meet me at my house in an hour if you're not doing anything. You know where it is, right?" Simple, and to the point. That ought to get her attention.

Nonon's response was a lot more curt. "Yeah, I'm not doing anything and yes, I know where you live, but it better be really important." No inquiry as to how Ryuko was able to contact her, but that was how she wanted it.

An hour later, Ryuko had decided to look more presentable to Nonon and put on her nicest hooded sweatshirt and jeans. The doorbell rang and Ryuko flung herself upon the doorknob and opened it.

Nonon's hair was in a high ponytail, and she was wearing a deep lavender turtleneck style sleeveless blouse with mint green mini shorts, sheer white thigh high stockings, and purple gingham patterned ballerina-style flats. She gripped a tote bag's strap on her shoulder, and glared at Ryuko. "So. What's so important that I have to drag my ass all the way over here?"

Ryuko cleared her throat and let Nonon in. "Eh, well, uh. I need help with something and you're the only one who can help."

Nonon narrowed her eyes in suspicion. "What exactly do you need help with?"

Ryuko faced the wall and rested a fist against it as she tried to find the right phrasing for her request. "Well, uh... Mako and I have our first date in a couple days..."

Nonon's patience was clearly wearing thin. "Get on with it."

"I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PROPERLY KISS A GIRL!" Ryuko blurted out.

Nonon stared with confusion and annoyance. "What's that got to do with me?"

Ryuko turned to face Nonon and glared at her. "Well, you like girls, don't you?"

Nonon had the decency to blush as she stammered, "What gave you *that* idea?!"

"Don't play coy with me. I've seen the way you look at my sister, Jakuzure!"

Nonon turned even redder. "Okay. Whatever, say I like girls, but what's that got to do with your dilemma?"

Ryuko groaned and turned away from Nonon again. "Can... can you show me how to kiss a girl?"

"WHAT?!" Nonon squawked. "WHY ME?!"

"I DON'T KNOW ANY OTHER GIRLS THAT LIKE GIRLS, OKAY?!" Ryuko's voice rose as she got flustered. "I just--y'know--aren't you experienced in that arena?!"

"Uh... I... uh..." Nonon tried not to let her embarrassment show. "I am not. Sorry to disappoint you, but I'm still sort of in the closet and haven't gotten anywhere with Satsuki-chan. I'm just as SOL as you, Matoi."

Ryuko stiffened, took a deep breath, and then, dared to ask, "Can we... practice with each other, then?"

Nonon let out a wordless shriek. "Me?! Kiss... you?!"

Ryuko started to nervously chuckle. "Well... uh, why not?"

"For starters, I don't even like you!" Nonon spat out too quickly for her statement to be completely convincing.

Hearing that hesitation, Ryuko's confidence rose, and she smirked, strolling to where Nonon was standing and leaned over her-the infamous *kabedon* pose. "Is that so, Jakuzure?"

Nonon let out an audible breath. "V-very much so!" she said defiantly but her stance indicated otherwise.

"I think you like me too, Jakuzure. Even just a little bit."

"Whatever!" Nonon shrieked and pushed Ryuko away. She shrieked in defeat as she saw Ryuko's expression of triumph. "Fine! Let's practice with each other. Or whatever it is you want!" She quickly stomped over to Ryuko's side, grabbed her hand, and practically dragged her to the kitchen.

Nonon pointed to the kitchen counter. "Lift me up and let me sit on the counter! If we're gonna be kissing, I'm gonna be the tall one for once!" she ordered.

Ryuko laughed a little bit. "Whatever you say, princess," she said in false sweetness. At first she thought nothing of grabbing Nonon's hips and lifting her onto the counter, but as it happened, Ryuko noticed just how pronounced and curvy Nonon's body actually was despite her petite appearance, and when Nonon was safely sat on the counter, Ryuko let her hands linger for a moment longer to appreciate where they were. "Anyone ever tell you, Jakuzure, that you have a nice ass?" she grinned.

Nonon shrieked in embarrassment and smacked Ryuko's shoulder. "Shut up!" she grabbed Ryuko's hands and moved them up from her hips. "Hands off!"

There was an awkward silence as they nervously glared at each other and blushed. They both moved forward to begin the kiss but they bumped foreheads.

"Let me go first!" Nonon growled as this continued to happen-their timing was way off. They weren't synchronized at all.

Ryuko grabbed Nonon from the shoulder to pull her close and, clumsily but surely, their lips finally met.

There was a pause and they slowly broke away, cheeks pink. "That was horrible," Nonon deadpanned.

"Yeah, it w-" Ryuko couldn't finish because Nonon made the second move and kissed her again. It was still sloppy but there was effort put into it this time. They broke apart once more. "Uh... better? Much better?"

Nonon chuckled. "Yeah, not bad at all for a first-timer."

She squeaked as Ryuko touched her jaw and moved in for the kill: a third kiss. They both uttered a very low moan as they gathered the courage to deepen the kiss. Ryuko didn't question it when she felt Nonon's arms around her shoulders. A brief parting, and they kissed again briefly before Nonon shouted, "Alright, that's enough of this shit!" and shoved Ryuko away. She jumped down from the counter and grabbed her tote bag. "You can kiss girls now! The underachiever should be happy! I'm gonna go home now!"

Ryuko grinned as she watched Nonon, clearly flustered, put her shoes back on and prepare to exit her place. She put her hands in her pockets and said, "I'm willing to bet that you like kissing me, Jakuzure." She took a few steps forward, so that she would be able to close the door when Nonon departed, and cried out when Nonon suddenly grabbed the collar of Ryuko's hoodie and pulled her down to her eye level, furiously kissing her briefly and shoving her back to normal stature.

"Yeah, and what of it?" Nonon snapped before opening the door, zooming out, and slamming it.

Ryuko chuckled. "That went better than expected."

end.